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## Hopkinsville Market Quotations.

Corrected Jan. 8, 191.

### RETAIL GROCERY PRICES.

Country lard, good color and clean  
14c and 15c per pound.  
Country bacon, 17c per pound.  
Black-eyed peas, \$3.50 per bushel  
Country shoulders, 15c pound.  
Country hams 21c per pound.  
Irish potatoes, \$1.30 per bushel.  
Northern eating Rural potatoes.  
\$1.30 per bushel  
Texas eating onions, \$1.75 per  
bushel, new stock  
Dried Navy beans, \$3.00 per  
bushel  
Cabbage, 3 cents a pound.  
Dried Lima beans, 60c per gallon.  
Country dried apples, 10c per  
pound, 3 for 25c  
Daisy cream cheese, 25c per  
pound  
Full cream brick cheese, 25c per  
pound  
Full cream Limberger cheese, 25c  
per pound  
Popcorn, dried on ear, 2c per pound  
Fresh Eggs 35c per doz  
Choice lots fresh, well-worked  
country butter, in pound prints, 30c  
FRUITS.

Lemons, 30c per o  
Navel Oranges, 30c to 50c per doz.  
Bananas, 15c and 20c doz

### Cash Price Paid For Produce.

#### POULTRY.

Dressed hens, 12c per pound  
Dressed cocks, 7c per pound  
Live hens, 11c per pound; live cocks,  
8c per pound; live turkeys, 14c per  
pound  
ROOTS, HIDES, WOOL AND TALLOW.

Prices paid by wholesale dealers to  
butchers and farmers:

Roots—Southern ginseng, \$5.75 lb  
"Golden Seal" yellow root, \$1.35 lb  
Mayapple, 3c; pink root, 12c and 13c  
Tallow—No. 1, 4c; No. 2, 4c.

Wool—Burry, 10c to 17c; Grease, 21c. medium, tub washed  
23c to 30c; coarse, dingy, tub washed  
18c.

Feathers—Prime white goose, 50c;  
dark and mixed old goose, 15c to 30c;  
gray mixed, 15c to 30c; white duck,  
22c to 35c, new.

Hides and Skins—These quotations  
are for Kentucky hides. Southern  
green hides 8c. We quote assorted  
lots dry flint, 12c to 14c. 9-10 bet-  
ter demand.

Dressed geese, 11c per pound for  
choice lots, live 5c

Fresh country eggs, 25 cents per  
dozen

Fresh country butter 25c lb.

A good demand exists for spring  
chickens, and choice lots of fresh  
country butter

### HAY AND GRAIN.

No. 1 timothy hay, \$22 90  
No. 1 clover hay, \$20 00  
Clean, bright straw hay, 25c bale  
Alfalfa hay, \$21 00  
White seed oats, 54c  
Black seed oats, 53c  
Mixed seed oats, 65c  
No. 2 white corn, 92c  
Winter wheat bran, \$28 00

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## ETHEL'S ENGAGEMENT

By C. M. WILCOX.

The stout woman settled herself in  
the rocker with a sigh of relief. "I'm  
always glad I live on the ground  
floor!" she said. "I should hate to  
have to climb three flights of stairs  
every time I'd been anywhere still, of  
course, the rents are cheaper up here,  
I suppose. I hear that your Ethel got  
engaged this summer, Mrs. Gimmans."

"Yes," admitted her hostess with a  
pleasant smile. "Ethel is engaged to a  
perfectly young man. His name is  
George Winkum—of the Indianapolis  
Winkums, you know—and is so good  
looking and polite and so devoted to  
Ethel! It was quite touching."

"You must be relieved," said her  
caller. "Ethel has had so little atten-  
tion here in town. It was clever of  
you to figure out that a change of  
location might help. Sometimes  
young men are caught in a hurry that  
way before they have time to think  
what they are doing. They have so  
much spare time on their hands at a  
summer resort that they get engaged  
before they know it just to kill time.  
That's the reason that kind of en-  
gagements never last long. I hope  
Ethel won't go and spend a lot of  
money on a trousseau that she may  
never have any use for!"

"No danger of that," said Ethel's  
mother, indignantly. "George is crazy  
about her. There were ten girls to  
one man there, so he had plenty of  
choice. Of course, if Ethel was like  
your Lillian I could understand your  
taking the view you do—but I don't  
have to worry about Ethel's attraction  
wearing off. It must be sad for Lil-  
lian to realize that she is getting on  
in years and all her friends are marry-  
ing and she is left on the shelf! Lil-  
lian would be a nice looking girl if  
her nose was different—and there  
doesn't seem to be much she can do  
for her complexion, does there? Ethel  
is so lucky, having natural bloom!"  
"She had it on so thick I could see  
it clear across the street yesterday!"  
said the visitor. "Lillian called me  
to the front window and said, 'Mam-  
ma, isn't it perfectly shocking the  
way Ethel gets herself up?' I've al-  
ways been careful to have Lillian's



"Such a Resemblance."

modest, refined, lady-like girl. When  
she marries she will get some fine  
man who can appreciate—"

"I suppose there is a chance for  
every girl to get married," interrupted  
the hostess, "provided she'll take  
sort of an offer."

"I've always kept Lillian away from  
summer resorts," said the caller. "You  
can't tell a thing about the men you  
meet at those places! They are so  
likely to be chaffeurs posing as mil-  
lionaires. I hope you've had Ethel's  
young man looked up carefully. You  
should not let your joy over her catch-  
ing him blind you to the future. It  
would be awful to have a son-in-law  
to support, when you and Mr. Gim-  
mans live so economically."

"Here is George's picture," said her  
hostess in cold triumph as she pro-  
duced it. "One look at him will show  
you there's no danger of our having  
to support him!"

"My!" said the caller. "If he doesn't  
remind me of Jabe Stevenson back  
home who robbed the First National  
bank and ran away with the druggist's  
wife."

"George is at the head of the  
Winkum paint factory," said Ethel's  
mother with pride. "Such a respon-  
sible position and such a big in-  
come!"

"I hope there won't be a crash a  
few months after their wedding like  
the one I just read about," said the  
caller. "The Dills, you know—they  
flew so high and she kept three girls  
—and now their furniture is being  
auctioned off to pay the grocery bill  
and her cook attached Mrs. Dill's di-  
amond necklace for her pay. Lillian  
has so often said: 'Mamma, I don't  
long for great wealth. When I marry  
I shan't care about money. I want  
a real manly man, who—'"

"Lillian's waited so long that she's  
kind of got the habit, I suppose," said  
the hostess. "My Ethel is a very dif-  
ferent girl—she has had so many  
offers. Any other girl would have  
grabbed at George—but she kept him  
waiting two weeks for his answer!"

"What a risk for her to take," said  
the caller, preparing to go. "I just  
dropped in to congratulate all of you.  
It must be such a relief to the family.  
It is perfectly remarkable how much  
he looks like Jabe Stevenson, though.  
Tell Ethel everybody's so glad that  
she's finally got engaged!"—Chicago  
Daily News.

## TWO DEAR OLD LADIES

By T. McMAHON.

Miss Mary Henley and Miss Maggie  
Brown were two dear old ladies who  
lived together in a tiny house at the  
edge of the city. Miss Mary had  
made wedding gowns for young women  
of her own age in her youth, and  
she went on making dainty baby  
things for the children of the brides,  
and later, debutante gowns and wed-  
ding dresses for these same children.  
Always cheerful, always interested,  
never seeming to miss the joy of life  
that came not to her, quiet content to  
know all things vicariously, she was  
an institution in many homes, where  
"Miss Mary's days" were as much a  
part of the household regime as the  
weekly sweeping days.

Miss Maggie was "not strong." That  
was the way she and Miss Mary talked  
of the half invalidism that made  
Miss Maggie unable to partake in Miss  
Mary's labors. But that lack of  
strength did not prevent Miss Maggie  
from doing many things which red-  
cheeked girls with bounding blood in  
their veins could not have done. A  
certain wealthy woman, one of Miss  
Mary's patrons, contributed a small  
amount to the support of the home  
each month, in addition to her pay-  
ments for Miss Mary's labor, and the  
two lived comfortably, and attained a  
reputation for charitable works.

Was there a bazar in the little  
church? Miss Mary's needlework was  
sure to fill the table and Miss Mag-  
gie's cakes were sure to be the most  
delicious and the first sold. Did a  
beggar come to the door? There was  
always food, clothing and a word of  
cheer for him. The clothing? Oh,  
yes! Miss Maggie had no pride or sen-  
sibility thereof. She went, quite as a  
matter of course, to richer house-  
holds and begged frankly for cast-off  
clothing for her "poor people," and she  
got it and gave it, with a kindly in-  
junction, a bit of encouragement or a  
quoted text, as need seemed to de-  
mand. If it be true that vagrants  
have their code carved and chalked  
on doors and gates, certainly the gate  
of their tiny yard must have been cut  
to pieces or marked beyond need of  
paint.

But peaceful years brought a grief  
to these two. The pastor of their  
church, beloved of them for 20 years,  
died, and his widow moved elsewhere.  
Replacing him, finally, after trials,  
came the Rev. James Martin, elderly,  
and, strange to say, a bachelor, for  
a wife is more than a wife to a min-  
ister. She is a necessity of life, a  
thing taken for granted. No one could  
surmise why the Rev. Martin had never  
married, though many tried. His  
kindly manner, his gentle helplessness  
in things material and his deeply spir-  
itual sermons quite won the hearts of  
the flock, and more brilliant aspirants  
were forgotten in the general demand  
for the gentle little man who taught  
such sweetly comforting doctrines.

The Rev. Martin took up his abode  
in the parsonage and found a house-  
keeper. But somehow, the housekeep-  
er, though zealous, and quite proud  
of her position, seemed to omit many  
of the little attentions that naturally  
belonged to one ministering to the  
needs of a man of God. There was  
a certain shabbiness about the at-  
tire of the devout preacher, a certain  
gauntness of cheek and whiteness of  
slender hand that made these two  
maiden ladies, especially, ache for his  
wellfare. They entered into council,  
appealed to the heads of the church,  
and finally it was arranged that the  
parsonage should be let, and the min-  
ister should live with Miss Mary and  
Miss Maggie.

Here the little front parlor became  
his study, past the door of which Miss  
Maggie tiptoed, finger on lip, when the  
doorbell rang. Nourished by Miss  
Maggie's delicious tidbits, his clothes  
kept in immaculate order by Miss  
Mary's careful fingers, the pastor be-  
came plumper, and developed a ten-  
dency toward the making of mild jokes.  
His improved garb seemed to give an  
assurance he had lacked before, and  
his sermons became not only consol-  
ation for the elders and the weary, but  
inspiration for the young and glow-  
ing. Miss Mary sang over her work  
like a canary, and Miss Maggie's se-  
vere garb became frilly at neck and  
wrists and enlivened by bows of col-  
ored ribbon. They bought flowers  
and real magazines, went to picture  
shows together now and then, and  
laughed together like young school-  
girls over their household tasks.

One day Miss Mary was fitting a  
froth of lace and silk over a bride-to-  
be. The bride, before the glass, look-  
ed at herself, and then at the little  
brown lady before her, on her knees.  
The contrast woke something new in  
the girl's heart and she leaned over  
and kissed Miss Mary's softly  
wrinkled cheek.

Miss Mary looked up, startled for  
an instant, and then comprehend-  
ing.

"I know just how you feel, dear—  
bless your heart! I hope you'll be as  
happy as we are always."

The little bride looked her wonder.  
"You see, Maggie and I have each  
other, and we know what love is," said  
Miss Mary, as if that settled the mat-  
ter, and in a flash the little bride un-  
derstood.

### Willie's Education.

Willie—"Say, Pa, you ought to see  
the men across the street raise a  
house on jacks." Pa (absently)—"Im-  
possible, Willie. You can open on  
jacks, but a man is a fool to try to  
raise on them—or—that is—I mean, it  
must have been quite a sight."

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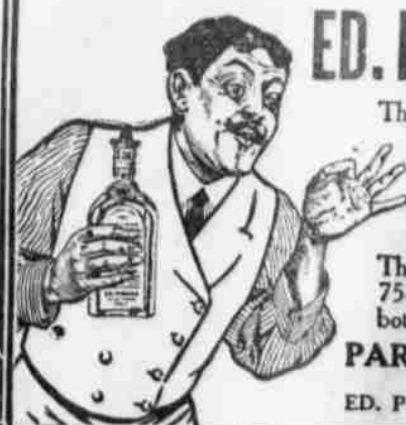
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